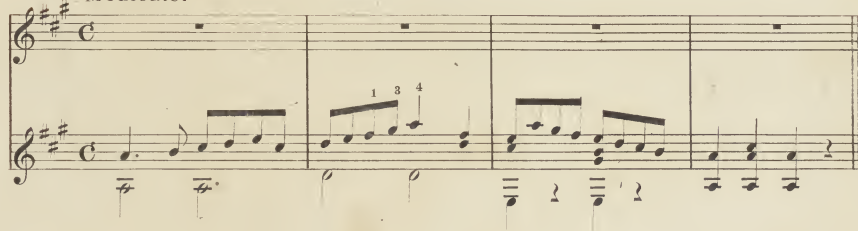


THE OLD FOLKS ARE GONE.

ARRANGED FOR THE GUITAR, BY F. WEILAND.

Moderato.



(I.) Far, far in many lands I've wander'd, Sad - - ly and lone,
 (II.) Here's where I frolick'd with my brother, Un - - der the tree,

My heart was ev-er turning southward, To all the dear ones at home;
 Here's where I knelt be- side my moth-er, From care and sor- - row free;

Here af-ter all my wea-ry roam-ing, At ear-ly dawn,
Still sing the lit-tle birds as sweet-ly, At night and morn,

I've come and find the cot still standing, But oh, the old folks are gone.
Still runs the lit-tle brook as fleet-ly, But oh, the old folks are gone.

CHORUS.

Air. Here I wan-der sad and lone-ly, In the dear old home,
2nd. Here I wan-der sad and lone-ly, In the dear old home,
Tenor. Here I wan-der sad and lone-ly, In the dear old home,
Bass. Here I wan-der sad and lone-ly, In the dear old home,
Guitar.

Those that I lov'd so well and fond-ly, All, all the old folks are gone.

Those that I lov'd so well and fond-ly, All, all the old folks are gone.

5th Pos.

III

Down where the old banana's waving,
 They're laid to rest,
 Where Swanee's peaceful water's laving,
 The green turf o'er their breast;
 But there's a home I know where parting,
 Never can come,
 Oh, for that home I must be starting,—
 There's where the old folks are gone.
 Here I wander sad and lonely &c.

